

"To Whom it may Concern."



A POEM

On the times, showing forth the
virtues of Lincoln, McClellan, and
Fremont; and how the Yankees
were out-yankeed by Two Rebel
Officers.

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BY

Le Séminaire de Québec

3, rue de l'Université

Québec 4, QUE. W. W. Western



THE "MERCHANTS" PRESS.

North West corner of King and Toronto Streets
TORONTO, CANADA.

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The account of the two Confederate Officers, contained in the following Poem, is a brief and truthful sketch of a trip made by them from Rome, Georgia, to Liverpool, England, in the winter of 1864. The diary kept by one of them has been changed into verse in the measure of Don Juan.

THE AUTHOR.

SAQ.—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

As You Like It—Act III., Scene VII.

CANTO I.

I.

Did Homer make, or merely sing of Troy?
Did Otway find, or only fable Pierre?
Had Shakespeare ne'er have lived, would we enjoy
The Danish Madman, or the raving Lear?
Had Lincoln still "*split rails*," would he annoy
His country with his damnable career?
Had he not his fool "*peace concern*" proclaimed,
Then I for this "*concern*" had ne'er been blamed.

II.

By chance all these things happened, and by chance
Sir Isaac saw the wondrous apple fall,
Which taught him gravitation at a glance,
At Chance's now more than the Muse's call,
Do I on my half-fledged Pegasus prance,
And hope to canter, if he'll go at all,
Through several stanzas of a truthful tale,
Unless a wing, or something else should fail.

III.

Like other coursers, this same winged steed
Is hard to start, and harder still to keep
Upon the track, or regulate his speed
To Mount Parnassus through the upper deep.
The trouble is, the kind of spur we need
Lies in the head, and such spurs are not cheap.
But we are off at last, and loose or win,
At the beginning shall the tale begin.

IV.

In January, twenty-seventh day,
 Of the year eighteen hundred sixty four,
 Two Rebels met in Rome, to plan a way
 To cross the Yankee lines, and then explore
 The country where their mighty armies lay,
 And having learned their status, there was more,
 By orders they should go, whate'er their portion,
 To Liverpool across the dark blue ocean.

V.

One was a Captain, who was somewhat bold,
 The other Doctor both in peace and war,
 Who finding that the retail trade was old,
 Resolved to cut and slay beneath the star
 Of Mars, and there increase his fame four fold,
 And yet a slight wound just to show the scar,
 Besides the wholesale business 's more extensive,
 And in the army not at all expensive.

VI.

So having bundled up what wordly goods
 Was necessary for a trip like this,
 They sallied forth to see what "fields and floods,"
 The fickle Goddess might think not amiss
 To vex them with through mountains, glens and woods,
 Before their case was ready to dismiss,
 And then be ranked among the things that were,
 But whether for good or ill was not her care.

VII.

The first day's travel brought them to the spot,
 Where Fate and Fortune favored once the brave,
 Where Streight and all his Yankee forces got.
 The devil in short order, and to save
 His neck, and the necks of quite a lot
 From welcome to a hospitable grave,
 Surrendered to a squad two thousand men,
 And swore he'd ne'er do such a thing again.

VIII.

In looking on the "field" they could but think
 How strangely just seem all of Nature's laws;
 The vile and vicious though quintuple shrink
 Before the champions of a proper cause,
 Who stand, when others falter on the brink
 Of ruin, but conscience from the Invader draws
 The essence of chivalry; if that's not right,
 Explain the reason why the Yanks won't fight.

IX.

I say won't fight, I mean unless the odds
Are very greatly in their favor, and
They have, by dint of labor, several rods
Of their good mother earth thrown up, or sand.
It makes no difference which, for by the Gods,
They make defenses with a lavish hand,
The Rebs prefer good breastworks for a gun,
But when without them though they will not run.

X.

They left the scene, where Col. Streight displayed
The same ambition that Alaric had,
Rome's capture; but when shall stand arrayed
In history the two achievements, one now clad
With an immortal vesture, what will be said
About the other; that the fool was mad,
And thus the daring vandal bold and brave
Compares with Steight, a minion and a slave.

XI.

The one a hero, who would break asunder
The tyrants fetters and their pillage all;
The other went down South to steal and plunder,
Which was the worst, the big thief or the small?
The one, a victim to a silly blunder,
Fell in his own trap, where the foolish fall;
The other was successful and heroic,
Two things that made him famous and histori

XII.

They left the scene, as said before, and bent
Their course towards the mountains, which ha
Styled wonderful; save now and then a rent,
An ugly cavern or abyss, the scene
Was tame; and to the vision nothing lent
Of interest, but offered many a screen
To the robber, spy or vile "buswhacker,"
Who would shoot a good man for a cracker.

XIII.

They passed oe'r "Lookout Mountains" safe and sound,
And paused at night upon the other side;
The bright and blessed sun next morning found
Them wending onward, as the Pilgrim's ride.
The doubts that in their minds arose they drowned,
And halted not until they had desieried
The lofty top and rugged sides of "Sand,"
So hard to climb and—anything but grand.

XIV.

Parnassus often sought and seldom gained,
Is to the Muse of him who seeks to reach
Some yet untrodden heights, when once attained,
A glory, consummated hope; and each
Wild peak seem^s vocal with poesy and trained
To point from Earth to Heaven, and to teach
Him gratitude. When once you're climbed a mountain,
This you feel, if there you find a fountain.

XV.

Such were the feelings of the two who toiled,
The steep ascent of "Sand," and paused awhile
For breath, and ~~at~~ their harness, which was spoiled,
Exceedingly, although 'twas but a mile
From plain to mountain top, and there boiled,
(Strange to relate) from out a small defile,
A stream of the "most living crystal" water,
Fit for a bath for "Beauty's youngest daughter."

XVI.

We skip the details of one hundred miles,
And place our heroes (for this tale's a truth),
At "Muscle Shoals," which answers well for styles
Across the Tennessee; where once a youth,
Just like Leander, who, to win the smiles
Of beauty and love, did try in sooth
To swim, not Hellespont, but this same creek,
And drowned himself, unlike the gallant Greek.

XVII.

Before the Rebels undertook to cross,
They learned that Tories, Yankees and Banditti,
And all that makes up what we call the dross
Of God's creation, county, town and city
Were on the other side; and that the loss
Of life and horse (the latter quite a pity)
Would surely follow if they ever dared,
"To cross," and run the risk of being ensnared.

XVIII.

But notwithstanding all this good advice,
They "plunged and crossed," although the wave was high
The Doctor and his mule were baptized twice,
But landed safely, though they were not dry,
They now resembled greatly two drowned mice,
Or Don Juan, if you like; but no such eye
As Haidee's beamed upon them with its light,
By Cupid's lustre made so purely bright.

XIX.

They now became true "minions of the moon,"
Resolved to shun the brighter God of day,
Their Mistress was just up and very soon,
Would light and cheer them on their lonely way,
Half frozen, yet their spirits were in tune;
And long before the blessed sun's first ray,
Without a road or guide, through woods and wiles
Of Yanks and Terys, they rode forty miles.

XX.

They rested in a swamp close by a mill,
A lucky accident for man and beast,
For both were likely there to get their fill,
And from the pangs of hunger feel at least
Secure. The mill was a rude structure, still
It served the purpose, and somewhat increased
The fortunes of the owner, whom they found
On the "important question" very sound.

XXI.

He was a timid man and could not feel
The luxury of danger; and his soul
Lacked something of the iron or the steel
Which nerves the heart of him who can control
The secret springs of fear; and only kneel
Where conscious duty calls; and there the whole
Of the heart's tribute bring. But such are rare,
And Fate alone develops who they are.

XXII.

But timid as he was he did consent
To guide our heroes on their winding way,
And when the moon her first ray kindly lent,
They sallied forth and halted not till day.
But this unlike the precedent was spent
In dodging negro Federals, (if they may
Be called such); which I shall surely do:
And when you see them you will do so too.

XXIII.

They had crossed a stream and were ascending
The Northern bank, when suddenly appeared
A federal column, slowly wending
Its snake like progress to them, at first they feared
They were discovered; at once descending,
Around the hill their course they quickly steered,
And having hid their horses well at last,
Crawled up the hill to see them as they passed.

XXIV.

They thought they heard the heavy tread
Of cavalry, but what was their surprise,
When twelve old women loaded down with thread
And cloth, filed slowly by before their eyes.
They rode in double files, those at the head,
Were dressed in blue, blue as the sunny skies,
A colour once quite pleasing to the eye,
But since the war began means fight or fly.

XXV.

About the hour when darkness greets the light,
Our heroes halted weary of their ride,
And found with ease good lodging for the night;
They were not altogether satisfied
With their position—their landlord might
Prove traitor—still they determined to confide
To him their secret, and without delay
Requested him to guide them on their way.

XXVI.

This charmed him; he at once agreed
To render aid in any way he could,
He told them frankly there was urgent need
Of great precaution; "if a neighbor should"
Said he, "drop in to night, (and I indeed
Think it most likely), then no doubt it would
Be wise and prudent just to have a care
And answer shrewdly who and what ye are."

XXVII.

This was arranged and seemed a proper plan,
By which their secret would be safely kept,
Just after taking supper, in a man
Of most gigantic form and features stepped;
Once being seated he began to scan
The Rebels closely, o'er whom there crept
The sense prophetic of approaching evil,
Which made them wish the stranger at the devil.

XXVIII.

"You are travelling, gentlemen, I suppose?"
"We are, Sir!" "which way, if the question's fair?"
(And here he blew his salamander nose)
"Government Agents, and just now we are
Buying cattle." But this did not disclose
Enough. "In these parts, there's but few to spare,
Who have you tried?" We've not applied to any,
To-morrow morning we'll apply to many.

XXIX.

There is a certain intuition in us,
Which pierces through the flimsy garb disguise,
And often too it strangely seems to win us
From crafty wiles though managed by the wise,
The Rebels were not altogether minus
Of this prophetic fire ; and kept their eyes
Upon the stranger, when he rose to go,
They half suspected that he "bowed too low."

XXX.

They also knew that there was quite a lot
Of purchased spies, bought up with Yankee gold,
For every captured officer they got
A stated fee ; that made them very bold,
Their landlord seemed uneasy, had he not
A certain portion of *his* conscience sold,
This fear was strengthened when they saw him walk
Out with his friend and have a little talk.

XXXI.

He soon returned, and then politely led
Them to their bed room, in a kindly way ;
Before they thought of getting in the bed,
They held a council, as the soldiers say,
When both expressed a secret sort of dread,
And half resolved to leave before 'twas day,
But settled on a wiser plan than this,
To steer 'twixt Sylla and Charybdis.

XXXII.

When all was still, without more observation,
They sought their horses, which they quickly found,
And being soldiers, they had learned to station
Themselves upon the advantageous ground.
They rather liked an elevation,
And therefore hid themselves upon a mound,
Resolved to settle, in a quiet way,
Whether or not their kind host meant foul play.

XXXIII.

The night wore on, and hopefully they thought
Their fears unfounded, when suddenly appeared
A well armed squad, who evidently sought
No good for them ; they indistinctly heard
The whispered orders, and by chance they caught
A glimpse of him who led. Then the loud word,
Which set in motion that infernal mob
Of Yanks and Tors, whose trade is to rob.

XXXIV.

" Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro"
 High deeds of valour done, but no blood shed,
 Bed clothes and pots and dishes suffered though,
 When they found out the victims sought had fled,
 The Rebels deemed it prudent now to go,
 " And mounted in hot haste "; each being led
 By his own nose, they thought it best by far
 To steer due north, their guide the polar star.

XXXV.

T'ey struggled on o'er many a hill and dale,
 And halted at a comfortable farm,
 They found the farmer, and their well framed tale
 Of being " Agents " worked just like a charm.
 The last nights experience could not fail
 To make them wary, watchful. An alarm
 Will this within us frequently inspire,
 'Tis wisely said "a burnt child dreads the fire."

XXXVI.

They learned that Boston was his native town,
 In fact he had the genuine Yankee brogue,
 Well blended in him too they quickly found
 The stuff that makes the Yankee and the rogue,
 So they at once determined on the ground
 (Such things in war you know are quite in vogue)
 To use him, just to punish the old sinner,
 And they began with him by taking dinner.

XXXVII.

He was a Lincolnite of the first water,
 As were, on this occasion, our two friends;
 Besides he had a young and charming daughter,
 Which to a dinner table always lends
 A air enchanting. And if they slaughter
 Our hearts, their grace and beauty make amends.
 Just after dinner, they asked him to ride
 Some ten or twelve miles with them as a guide.

XXXVIII.

" Of course " said he, " I always take a pride
 In aiding *Feds*, but this I'd have you know,
 If you were Rebels on the other side
 I'd see you d—d, and then I would'nt go."
 This they commended, and then bade him ride
 A little faster, or not quite so slow,
 He told them where *our troops* were, their position,
 And left them in a favourable condition.

XXXIX.

Their friend had given quite enough direction,
 If followed well, to occupy the day.
 The little trick they played is no reflection
 Upon their morals, only a new way
 To beat a Yankee, and bring in subjection
 A foe, whom twere not fair or wise to slay.
 But right or wrong their course we'll not defend
 For want of time, so let this Canto end.

CANTO II.

I.

A petty tyrant, newly raised to power,
 Is ever giddy with the elevation.
 Frenzied for glory, in some fatal hour
 His guilty follies o'erwhelm the nation.
 Ambition's minion once, he seeks to pour
 Forth from his country's heart a curst libation. n.
 Within the pale of this dark crime we know
 Columbia's Chieftain, would it were not so.

II.

We vainly hoped the freighted bark of old,
 Which brought our banner, brought not with it too,
 An evil genius fluttering in its fold,
 A sister-twin ; the greater of the two,
 Ah stareyed Freedom ! how strangley cold
 Must be the tyrants hate, that pierced thee through,
 The false forsake thee, thou art not alone,
 The South's great heart, fair Goddess, is thine own.

III.

Yield not because the trunk of thy great tree
 Is scorched and torn, as by the lightning's stroke.
 Its roots have burrowed deep in hearts still free,
 That will not bow unto the Federal Yoke.
 T'will bloom and blossom yet t'is Fate's decree,
 Which let the Despot if he can, revoke,
 The *habeas corpus* and the constitution,
 Like Banquo's ghost, will yet ask retribution.

IV.

It to us often is a pleasant thing
 When we have wandered long, to find once more
 The scenes of youth. They seldom fail to bring
 The cup ambrosial, always running o'er
 Whith jewelled memories, which seem to fling
 In gathering groups from their exhaustless store
 The radiance of childhood fresh and free
 As when life seemed one endless jubilee.

V.

Not so with our heroes, they were now
 Amid those scenes, but few things to the eye
 Arose familiar, or brought forth the glow
 Of fond remembrance; its founts were dry.
 Agriculture had vanished, and the plow,
 Which furrowed the rich earth was rotting by
 Deserted fields. The spoiler's hand was there
 And tainted with its touch the very air.

VI.

According to their Yankee friends' direction,
 They kept due North, and halted not till night,
 And merely then, to make a slight inspection
 Of their position, while it yet was light.
 In order here to keep up the connection,
 We simply state they found their course was right,
 And were (to make it plainer if need be)
 Nineteen miles south of Clarksville, Tennessee.

VII.

They now were in the very midst of foes,
 On right, on left, and yet in front they were,
 A railroad just before them guarded close.
 To cross which was their first especial care.
 'Twas dark, and such a night when Luna shows
 Her white face through the clouds, now here now there,
 Between the guards they then resolved to slip,
 And like *Jago*, "have them on the hip."

VIII.

The camp fires gleamed around, at times they saw
 Dark forms, now grouped, now passing to and fro;
 The guards, they understood, received a law,
 Or order to halt at night nor friend nor foe.
 The slightest noise was likely them to draw
 A salutation seldom sought yon know;
 All night they watched and worked to find their way,
 And crossed the road just at the dawn of day.

IX.

Forward they dashed, saw as they rode along
 The Yank and negro wrapped in sweet embrace—
 Sweet to them, I think the aroma strong,
 And much prefer the smell of our own race.
 I hope in this I do them no great wrong,
 Don't like the smell of one, the other's face,
 The only difference I find 'twixt the two,
 The Negro's belly's black, the Yankees blue.

X.

They left the town of Chaalotte on the right,
 About six miles or seven—may be more,
 When of a sudden there appeared in sight,
 (Not twelve old factory women as before,)
 A Yankee column. Now, no chance for flight;
 More need of wit, if that failed, all was o'er
 With them. They passed the front without a fault
 But at the rear an officer cried "halt."

XI.

"You-names, your business, where going, and for what?
 Quick, thick and heavy as a thundershower"
 Fell from his lips; his eye was fierce and hot,
 And on the disguised Rebels seemed to lower.
 "To Clarksville going, wish to buy a lot
 Of mules; my name is Jones and his is Power.
 "Pass on." No second order needed they,
 The first was good, they hastened to obey.

XII.

This ordeal passed, to stop they deem it wise,
 And claim for rest at least one night in three.
 When they had done so, much to their surprise
 Two Federal Captains, both from Tennessee,
 Called in. They were polite, and otherwise
 Seemed gentle, although quite frank and free
 In their denunciations of the South,
 Of Rebels, the "rebellion, and so forth.

XIII.

They grew at length defiant, wished to know
 The Rebels names, where from, their residence,
 The reasons, causes, that they did not go
 Into the army, just for the defence
 Of "Union," "Stars and Stripes," and thus to show,
 As they had done, their loyalty and sense.
 They spoke of their achievements and their slaughter,
 But this was done to please their host's young daughter.

XIV.

In this they erred; she was a genuine type
Of her ancestral mothers. Their blood flows
In her young veins, a current of that stripe
Which baffled back the Britton, and now glows
Within the Southern heart, pure, lineal, ripe.
In its young Majesty it now arose,
And turned upon the Federals, claimed the right
Of free speech, opinion, let come what might.

XV.

The Rebels too much human nature knew,
To undervalue female friends in need.
They felt as if they were suspected too,
And when occasion offered they agreed
With their fair friend. To woman's instinct true
She felt and saw it with the lightning's speed,
And said, "I would not do as some I know,
Against my country join a hostile foe."

XVI.

The two Confederates slept or rather stayed
Below—the Federal officers above—
Restless, yet weary, they in vain essayed
To sleep, and their prophetic fears remove.
About the mid of night a tap was made
Against their chamber window; it did not move
Their souls to song, as the Raven's tap did Poe,
Its meaning though they quickly sought to know.

XII.

A soft voice whispered, "Fly at once, you are
Suspected. I o'erheard a plot
Between the Federals; you've no time to spare,
A courier sent already for a lot
Of soldiers. Your life's the forfeit here."
Such warnings come but seldom, and are not
By us neglected, when to beauty traced
They ever seem of Heaven a slight foretaste.

XIII.

The Rebels mounted just in time to hear
The clattering horsemen at a plunging pace,
And could but think, when all the host drew near,
There was enough to storm or stare the place.
They therefore left once more their course to steer,
With not improper or indecent haste, [way,
Through "night and storm and darkness" found their
And crossed with ease the Cumberland next day.

XIX.

Alas ! Kentucky, once thy sacred soil
 Was unpolluted ; Freedom's banner waved
 In grandeur o'er thee. Now thou art the spoil
 Of the invader, a bartered thing—enslaved !
 Thy mighty energies no longer toil,
 Which could thine honor, glory once have saved.
 The North's the foeman ; thou has learned too late,
 Who wooed and won thee but to desolate.

XX.

The guilty " thing " who undertakes to wield
 A bastard scepter with unlineal hand,
 O'er thee and thine, hath magically sealed
 Thy destiny as with the enchanter's wand.
 Is it for gold thy liberties ye yield,
 Nor dare a single vestige to demand ?
 Awake great victim, though thy heart is cleft,
 The worst discard, be pure with what is left.

XXI.

Sold ye your honor to protect your slaves ?
 How does the sale twist you and Lincoln stand ?
 He treats the contract like he thought ye knaves,
 You tamely yield, nor dare your pay demand.
 He goes not for your slaves, but simply craves,
 Invites them to him with an open hand.
 Should the Mountain to Mahomet fail to go,
 Then he unto the mountain will you know.

XXII.

Poor, once heroic, now unnatural State,
 Thy " neutral doctrine " strangely furnished forth
 The vile pretext, which would, soon or late,
 Yield thee a willing victim to the North.
 The "galled gade begins to wince" and hate
 The goad ; now that she finds the actual worth
 Of her allegiance with an infernal cause,
 Which mar at will her freedom and her laws.

XXIII.

Our heroes entered this their native State,
 Now filled with the invaders, white and black,
 At Hopkinsville, their native town, a great
 " Booby " noted for a " plentiful lack "
 Of brains "like Brunswick's fated chieftain sate"
 Lord Keeper of the pillory and rack,
 On which he sometimes broke his betters,
 And sometimes deigned to order fetters.

XXIV.

He was Commandant, at his beck and call
 He had a Regiment of "blacks and blues,"
 The Yankee Blues he seldom chose at all.
 The Blacks being kindred, he was proud to choose
 On state occasions ; or, when he wished to haul
 A captured Rebel o'er the coals or screws,
 His name *was* Starling when he was a "loafer,"
 He's titled now, a Colonel does he go for.

XXV.

To pass this "Booby" Commandants array
 Of guards and pickets was the next essential,
 He had them stationed in the very way
 A fool would likely think the most potential.
 He had seen no service ; we might justly say
 A thing he did not wish himself eventual,
 His genius rather taught him how to find
 A post to keep, or something of the kind.

XXVI.

At night they passed him and his pickets too,
 A feat by no means difficult at all,
 His post, his quarters, guards, were in full view.
 His "horse and foot" were jumbled up "pell mell,
 As would the loafer Colonel likely do,
 Either on great occasions or on small.
 They passed his post and took the road to Cadiz,
 To spend the next day with some friends, and ladies.

XXVII.

They spent the day but kept themselves concealed,
 For there about was many a lurking spy,
 Who strove to make his trade the premium yield ;
 And few escaped his clutch and piercing eye.
 The Rebels now sought, on another field,
 Their fortunes and uncertain fate to try.
 At night they left for Canton with a view
 To take a boat and play the Federal too.

XXVIII.

They stopped, as usual, at the town hotel,
 And left instructions when they should be called ;
 So far all things with them were thriving well,
 When lo ! next morning early they were hauled
 Forth their beds by two ruffians, strange to tell,
 At sight of whom they were at first appalled.
 One shut the door, proceeded then to lock it ;
 Took out the key and put it in his pocket.

XXIX.

"I'm sorry, gentleman, to disturb you so;
 You are my prisoners, so make up your mind,
 With all convenient haste at once to go
 To Hopkinsville, where doubtless you will find
 Good quarters and no bills to pay, you know."
 "My dear d—d Sir, just be so very kind
 As state who, what ye are, by what authority
 You thus arrest us with such great severity."

XXX.

"My name is Grinter, and I here was sent
 From Cadis by the Provost Marshall there:
 Your conduct was suspicious the day you spent
 In that place, and I understand you were
 Concealed all day." "Sir, with your consent,
 Or with it not, we simply state you are
 Mistaken; there's no Provost Marshal there—
 To you we'll not surrender if there were."

XXXI.

"We shall see, about me I have plenty
 To enforce you, which I shall alive or dead."
 "Then bring them up it will require twenty
 Your counterpart; if you respect your head,
 You had best return to him who sent ye,
 Or else a pill might move you, made of lead,
 You seem a citizen, yet no order show
 For our arrest, we must decline to go."

XXXII.

The Rebels now were quite prepared, and drew
 Forth two revolving pistols which they cocked,
 "Your writ, friend Grinter, we demand of you,
 Or else that door must be at once unlocked,
 We will obey the law and you shall too,
 Which you it seems to day have vainly mocked."
 "I've none just now, on that you need not stick,
 I'll get a wait, which you shall see d—d quick."

XXXIII.

Their learned exposition of the law,
 And that strange jarring click the pistols made,
 Just as the Rebels were about to draw,
 Were mighty arguments when thus arrayed.
 Poor Grinter felt their force and quickly saw
 They were in earnest and must be obeyed,
 He unlocked the door whate'er the rogue did feel,
 His mute "Jack Rugby" followed at his heel.

XXXIV.

Besides he had no order, force, or writ,
 Was merely a "detective," who for gold
 Or rather for the chance of filching it,
 His slender stock of honesty had sold,
 In numbers equaled and o'ermatched in wit,
 Expecting not to find his "prey" so bold,
 He could but fight or fly, he chose the latter,
 To reinforce himself and mend the matter.

XXXV.

He left the Rebels in a "bad" position,
 A change of base must instantly be made,
 They had sold one horse, this worsted their condition
 The telegraph would soon bring Grinter aid,
 Their feelings, too, were by no means elysian,
 They must escape, it could not be delayed,
 One horse between them, they resolved to fly
 Upon the principle called "ride and tie."

XXXVI.

While Grinter and his mute friend were despatching
 A hasty message to be again despatched
 By telegraph. The Rebels (wisely snatching
 The golden opportunity just snatched
 A few rough clothes to keep the brush from scratching
 For they had lately been severely scratched,)
 Left in "good order" as the Yankees say
 When they've been whipped like h—l and run away.

XXXVII.

They felt disfigured, still though in the ring,
 Perhaps dethroned, but yet by no means crushed,
 It merely ope'd an undiscovered spring,
 From which untried and new resources gushed,
 Their "one horse power" though was not the thing,
 And vexed them much as o'er the hills they rushed,
 But good or bad they were, at set of sun,
 Just forty miles from Grinter and Canton.

XXXVIII.

They here, their transportation to improve,
 A buggy bought, and hooked their war horse to it.
 Although for civil work he had no love,
 And for the collar, he had ne'er looked through it.
 At first he seemed determined not to move,
 The lash and some persuasion made him do it.
 At two o'clock next day this Rebel trio,
 At "Cave in Rock," crossed o'er the great Ohio.

CANTO III.

I.

The noble stream in calm and placid gladness,
 Flowed grandly on, as it was wont to do.
 Its surface mirrored not its banks deep sadness,
 Nor moaned its blithesome waves the country's woe,
 It reck'd not of that "Toot" of Northern madness,
 Whose crimes are many and whose virtues few,
 Whose public as his private life begun,
 A bastard tyrant and a bastard son.

II.

The "Illegitimate's" great kingdom rose,
 In gloomy grandeur far towards the pole,
 Its primal tints of glory and repose
 No longer cheer the patriots eye and soul.
 The torch of conquest with its red light throws
 A dark and bloody vista o'er the whole,
 Ah, Justice! could thy temples torch relume
 Thy pristine virtues, vanished were that gloom.

III.

Four years of time, five hundred million pounds,
 Blood quantum sufficit is not enough
 To glut this monster, he still, still compounds
 His hell broth, still his "witches" bring the stuff
 From out his store, where "helebore" abounds,
 But failing, their doom his "Tarpean" Bluff.
 A genuine Nero, good at joke and riddle
 I wonder can he also play the fiddle.

IV.

He'll need that art, as did the fiddling hero,
 Whose strains mixed with the cries of burning Rome.
 And when he burns our country for the negro,
 If he makes music he should give us some,
 In all things else he so resembles Nero,
 You'd think that brute to life again had come.
 Though when he died he surely was a Roman,
 The transmigration made an ass but no man.

V.

Let's take a look into his public garden,
 Where grow the nation's scions, great and small,
 Some grow in hot beds, these the nation's warden,
 But if the master thinks one grows too tall
 His selfish heart begins at once to harden,
 That tall flower's head is certain then to fall,
 Among this number we might safely count,
 As noted victims, McClellan and Fremont.

VI.

He played a nice trick on the great North West
 And middle States, which were conservative,
 And thought the Union *as it was* the best,
 And swore for it to fall, with it to live.
 This was enough, he plied himself with zest
 At once their "men and money" both to hive.
 Then when he had bound them with the proper oath,
 Out comes his "Negro Proclamation" and so forth.

VII.

Old Proclamation, I call him so of late,
 At first proclaimed that he had no desire,
 To interfere with slaves in any State.
 In this, I fear, he proves himself a liar,
 Or "joking" cruelly at any rate,
 If not, the wish spread in him like wild fire,
 He twists and turns to favour every side
 And reaps contempt of course both far and wide.

VIII.

If he's defeated or victorious,
 If he wants men or money or what not,
 For purpose vile, or purpose glorious,
 When he desires to blow both cold and hot,
 To check, or publish anything notorious.
 He brings to bear what 'little brains he's got
 To stir the dull soul of the Yanky nation
 With a grand "*Whereas*" then a proclamation.

IX.

"A house when its divided can not stand"
 A phrase he has "stolen forth of holy writ"
 And like the Hunchback Richard keeps on hand
 A few, to savour his unrighteous wit.
 Well, if it can't, we would of him demand,
 To stay the falling ruin, is he fit?
 Where he will answer this we do not know,
 It may be here, or when his soul's below.

X.

"Stand, aye, accursed that pernicious hour,"
 In which he first was crowned the peoples' choice,
 For since he grappled in his hand their power,
 The nation's wrongs have had but feeble voice.
 And little else save when called on to pour
 Their blood and treasure forth, him to rejoice,
 As if in his behalf, and in their slaughter,
 All blood, except his own, should run like water.

XI.

Well, blood has run and run like water.
 What does the hecatombs of slain amount to?
 Another call for victims to the slaughter,
 And when invited if they fail to go,
 A draft is left him that he can resort to,
 Which so far he has never failed to do,
 Perhaps he kills off those who disrepect him,
 And hopes the few he spares will re-elect him.

XII.

"To whom it may concern" (or not concern,
 One would suppose from such great *nonchalance*)
 Is the Imperial edict, whence we learn
 His Bastard Highness "tacks again," and grants
 No reconstruction 'less the South will turn
 As "black" as he, and in base suppliance
 Bending the "pregnant hinges of the knee,"
 Declare themselves enslaved, and their slaves free.

XIII.

This is the most tremendous proclamation,
 Since "Ismail's our," or "*veni vidi vici*,"
 He should have reproduced the declaration
 Inscribed upon the wall by the Most High,
 It would, as to the Jewish King and nation,
 To this more modern Belchazzar apply,
 He reads not though the writing's on the wall,
 A Daniel will interpret it this fall.

XIV.

But we've digressed—now to our friends return—
 They crossed the river as we said before.
 Their first essential was their course to learn,
 And try their luck on Abram's soil once more.
 It seems that Fortune for them took a turn,
 And prospered them from her exhaustless store,
 For on the third day, greatly to their joy,
 They safely reached Centralia, Illinois.

XV.

New difficulties now for them arose,
 And such as they by no means e'er expected,
 To take the railway they must first dispose
 Of horse and buggy; they were then suspected
 Of being "horse thieves;" no one would propose
 To purchase; they and their terms were both rejected
 They failed to give the "reference" demanded,
 And to the Provost Marshall's care were handed.

XVI.

The case being altered—altered now their case,
 The present charge of course they did not fear;
 In its investigation they might trace
 The real object of their presence there,
 A circumstance they did not wish to face,
 The Doctor's genius proved triumphant here;
 He suddenly bethought him of a friend
 Who doubtless would "endorse and recommend."

XVII.

He and the Marshall started then in quest
 Of this "dear friend," this real "friend in deed,"
 And when the sun was setting in the west,
 They found him happily, and he agreed
 To "recommend, endorse," and all the rest,
 Of—anything, of which they stood in need;
 This strong endorsement and the proper fees
 Convinced the Marshall, although hard to please.

XVIII.

The Marshall now, in his anxiety,
 Of their ill impressions to destroy all,
 Gave a certificate with propriety,
 In which, *from habit*, he pronounced them "loyal."
 This was sufficient to satiety,
 In fact the accident was royal,
 And served with them to set all things aright;
 They left, with flying colors too, that night.

XIX.

While they are off for Canada by "rail,"
 We'll take a look at the "Rail Splitter's" State.
 His early splitting passions still prevail,
 For he has split the Union, and of late,
 Has split his party too, which should not fail
 To try the splitting process on his pate.
 His people there have found his ancient mall;
 They'll give it him in earnest too, this fall.

XX.

This modern "prodigal" has thrown away
 The peoples' substance and his country's cause.
 Like other spendthrifts, in his evil day,
 Upon his patron's pocket deeper draws.
 His genius never fails to find a way
 Their purse to plunder and infract their laws;
 Their substance wasted in his own behalf,
 He'll come next fall to beg the "fatted calf."

XXI

A death bed repentance will never do;
 It might be "princely, but 'twould come too late,"
 And then, who knows? he might be JOKING too,
 And that were cruel both to Church and State.
 If to the latter he has proved untrue,
 The former merits a much better fate;
 He has burned his candle four years without grace,
 And now would snuff it in the peoples' face.

XXII.

Full many a plan has he had since the war
 To reconstruct; at first a proper choice,
 Back to his banner called each truant star,
 And urged, that after war, a peaceful voice,
 "Like Sinai's thunder pealing" from afar,
 Was mightier than Mars; alone could equipoise
 The troubled balance 'twixt contending hosts,
 Who are so reckless both of life and costs.

XXIII.

This no one doubts or doubted even then,
 Just simply as an abstract proposition.
 It served his purpose, filled his ranks with men,
 And put him in a favorable condition
 To occupy his ground, or change it when
 It was his interest, for a new position;
 Swift as Proteus he can change his shape
 From pseudo statesman to the very ape.

XXIV.

His foot hold getting stronger on the nation,
 His old affections for the "blacks" revive,
 And ripen into their emancipation,
 Without which he nor his could long survive.
 He must discharge this party obligation,
 Though the Union and the country fail to thrive;
 Poor things, they can't at first see where the harm
 They fall into his arms, and then his armies.

XXV.

This darling object being once perfected,
 He cast about him for another change,
 (Of course the constitution was rejected,
 And party views allowed the wildest range,)
 And did just what, when he was first elected,
 He swore the North and South would most estrange;
 He *legislated*, by a proclamation,
 A sweeping act of general confiscation.

XXVI.

Some learned jurists utter a complaint,
 (Although their actions have been very mild)
 That treason by our law can not attain
 And rob both father and the harmless child,
 Another plan this presidential Saint
 Adopts, (though like the rest is weak and wild)
 To restore the Union with its former glory,
 He declares each Rebel State a territory.

XXVII.

When this generation shall pass away,
 The South forget her honor and her name,
 When dismal night shall triumph over day,
 When man forgets his country and his fame,
 And Glory's sun withholds each blessed ray,
 When life is death, and heat and cold the same,
 Then, not till then, will Freedom take her flight,
 And yield the South a victim to his might.

XXVIII.

"Honest Abe," "honest Iago," precious pair!
 Each worked for won enjoyed his soubriquet,
 No one contests their right, I hope few care,
 They stand alone, unrivaled in their way,
 But d—d their way, as some one says somewhere,
 I merely quote what other people say,
 And here I leave this couple to their fame,
 I should perhaps have better said their shame.

XXIX.

The Rebels reached Chicago, then Detroit,
 Where oft examined, questioned, and annoyed,
 But if perplexed the Yankee's never saw it,
 Although for that detectives are employed,
 They work for pay and shoddy-like they draw it,
 And care but little who or what's destroyed,
 Shoddy goes for office and for spoils,
 But Shoddy never for his country toils.

XXX.

This war's produced no such hero as Shoddy,
 And war 'tis said developes who are g^ot,
 Ulysses Grant is quite an able body,
 Though he has failed most terribly of late.
 But where has Shoddy failed l by the lord, he
 Stands as if the child of destiny and fate,
 And will stand the blasts of war to say amen,
 When Lincoln, next fall, asks his vote again.

XXXI.

But leaving shoddy, shoddys' friends and all,
 The Rebels crossed the Niagara at night,
 Not far below its mighty water fall,
 About which crack brain'd Poets love to write,
 They thought it grand, although it did not call
 A poem from them on the glorious sight.
 They could not ship from Canada; again
 Must they the gauntlet run, to Portland, Maine.

XXXII.

"Sweet are escapes," they are so very nice—
 But never mind, the Rebels could not sail
 From Canada, because of winter's ice,
 But left at once for Portland, Maine, by 'rail,'
 And landed safely, though stopped once or twice.
 They wisely followed here the British Mail
 On board a British steamer in the bay,
 Which sailed for Liverpool without delay,

XXXIII.

They felt as safe in getting on the same,
 As Columbus did on getting off the same.
 The feat saved all their necks and set them free,
 Though his gave him an everlasting name.
 But they were satisfied with liberty,
 And neither sought nor asked immortal fame.
 They obeyed their orders like a boy at school
 And landed safe and sound at Liverpool.

CANTO IV.

I.

Right glad were they to see proud Albion's Isle,
 Stretch forth the outlines, on the swelling view,
 Of that great shore where all the blessings smile
 Save those of Freedom; where the mighty *Few*
 Still hold the weaker *Many* in as vile
 And abject slavery, of every grade and hue,
 As e'er the weak oppressed, the virtuous curs'd,
 From Adam's day to Abraham the First.

II.

A country laying claims to high renown,
 To honor, chivalry, and Glory's name,
 Which boasts the blessed sun goes never down
 On lands that wear her chains, and share her fame,
 Whose faith once plighted, there is no *back down*,
 Will Denmark and some others say the same?
 Ally with her, if you your strength would double,
 She'll ne'er forsake you, *till you get in trouble*.

III.

And then if she brings not to bear such wit,
 Such logic, and astute philosophy,
 As will disprove what she hath said and writ,
 Pronounce Lord Palmerston, and those whom he
 Can muster, when such things require it,
 Dotards, and expect a change of ministry,
 But his old right hand has not lost its cunning,
 Which they will find, who have of late been dunning

IV.

Him, for some pledge or promise, doubtless made,
 By Britain's Lion, with the same intent,
 That Aesop's must have had, when he displayed
 His generalship in striving to invent
 A "coup de grace" in his strategic trade,
 Which won the famous "share" to his content,
 This is a trait peculiar to the lion.
 Let those who disbelieve the statement try one.

V.

Within this mighty Isle there is a class,
 Who spurn the dark deceptions of the Few,
 But they albeit have let the sceptre pass,
 From out their hands; their glorious hearts are true,
 And mirror forth their virtues as a glass.
 Affairs at home consume their pastime too;
 I would Westminster Hall, that crazy school,
 Would be as wise, nor longer play the fool.

VI.

A false philanthropy which seeks to send,
 In Humanity's name, a secret shaft
 Against a rival power, as if to rend
 Its ligaments asunder, is a craft
 To which fanatics can alone descend;
 Or those who have at home no victims left:
 They who have run their course with Machiavel
 Must find some hobby, or they rest not well.

VII.

They cannot see the reeking path they leave
 Behind them in their guilty way to power;
 If so, the plan adopted to relieve
 Their troubled souls, is, in some lucky hour,
 A philanthropic tirade forth to heave
 Against their betters, and perhaps to pour
 A flood of false and hypocritic tears,
 Which much relieves the philosophic seers.

VIII.

They play a well conceived and cunning game,
 By raising "hue and cry" against all slavery,
 While *theirs* should dye the guilty cheek with shame,
 But in their philanthropic knavery,
 They will not give the thing its proper name,
 It looks more pleasing in their livery,
 Their heads being in the sand they can not see,
 How others look on their duplicity.

IX.

A splendid field is now spread out before
 The wily tricksters of this faithless nation,
 And wakes again along its quiet shore,
 A thrilling interest and a deep sensation.
 Of course the same duplicity of yore,
 With now and then the slightest variation,
 Is yet maintained, and shows us still two faces,
 One for the North, and one the South embraces.

X.

A certain school, and that one quite extensive,
 Declares the North is right, the South is wrong,
 All Southern institutions are offensive,
 And to barbaric countries should belong,
 And though the North should find the thing expensive,
 And their chivalric adversary strong,
 They should not cease till they exterminate,
 The gallant victim of their rage and hate.

XI.

All this is done for Philanthropy's sake,
 A fellow feeling which makes us so kind,
 But in the matter, if we should mistake
 And go too far, the blunder makes us blind,
 If they could see the thing aright, and take
 A clearer view, they doubtless then would find,
 To save one portion of their dear loved race
 They slay a better with a d—d bad grace.

XII.

There is a class who think that Cotton's—King,
 And feel their pockets lighten since the war,
 THEIR slaves are being freed, and that's a thing
 Which makes their principles and interest jar,
 Since from the latter all their actions spring,
 They, 'twixt the two, prefer the South by far,
 Too base to aid, yet should she e'er succeed,
 "Why what brave boys are we," would be their creed.

XIII.

If they by stealth can slip through the blockade,
 And then extort what Southern gold they find,
 Or cotton, and by this unhallowed trade,
 Employ the starvelings they have left behind,
 Two things have been accomplished, they have made
 Themselves a fortune, and have been so kind
 As to extort from a brave people struggling
 For freedom, what gold they had, by smuggling.

XIV.

They have no care of course for "recognition,"
 The cry for gold is up, like any pack
 Of thoroughbreds, kept always in condition,
 With their keen scent they take the coldest track,
 Being fleet of foot and quick of vision,
 They follow well, and understand the tack.
 Their sympathy amounts to genuine gammon,
 The god they worship is the one called Mammon.

XV.

There is a sect whose souls are darker still,
They are not careless, their intent is deep,
 They seek to garner with a magic skill,
 The glorious harvest which they hope to reap,
 It's theirs, if they would their ambition fill,
 The bloody actors on the stage to keep,
 In their grim joy they stand aloof and mark us,
 Like other vultures waiting for the carcass.

XVI.

They watch the "meshes tremble" they suppose,
 Which will entangle, in their silent way,
 A rival power whom they dread as foes,
 And hope may yet become, in some dark day
 Of its internal strife and civil woes,
 To them a precious and an easy prey,
 A new found treasure, a most radiant gem,
 With which to deck the British diadem.

XVII.

This party subsidizes Bench and Bar,
 The base part of the Press reflects its hues,
 And either deprecates or urges war
 With skilful indecision, ne'er profuse,
 But keeping always, as it were, afar
 Their indistinct and undiscovered views,
 Well pleased, no matter who has lost or won,
 Just so the strife keeps up, which has begun.

XVIII.

Then there are those, no doubt the better part,
 And greater too, of this great people, who,
 Moved by a nobler impulse of the heart,
 Accord the South that justice which which is due
 To a brave nation struggling in the art
 Of self-defence, and struggling nobly too;
 They yield a generous sympathy, and feel
 They cannot act, yet will not "all conceal."

XIX.

There now and then appears a radiant star,
 In that dark firmament, and which, despite
 The troubled elements that round it war,
 Dispenses freely its unsullied light.
 Its votaries behold it from afar,
 Where kindred sparks are glittering purely bright,
 Where Freedom's manly sons in Freedom's land,
 "No foe can tame, no tyrant can command."

XX.

That Palace of rare fruits and flowers, built
 By the golden sun for his fair Queen,
 The regal summer, where Ambition's guilt
 Hath lately stained the freshness of the scene
 With patriotic blood, now being spilt
 To gratify the Tyrant's hate and spleen,
 "Hath many mansions," where there is prepared
 "A place" for all who have its dangers shared.

XXI.

Then there 're the fawning Courtiers who maintain
 A cold indifference, and the wisest air,
 And always ostentatiously refrain
 From open act or word, as if they were
 Quite satisfied that should they ever deign
 To *hint* a preference, one side must despair,
 For the North and South, if that is what is meant,
 Act and be d—d for neither cares a cent.

XXII.

The skilful policy which seems to hide
 Beneath the fragrant rose the piercing thorn,
 The mocking sympathy which would deride,
 If but the masks from its false face were torn ;
 The semblance of affection which hath lied
 Has ceased to lure, and now brings forth the scorn
 Of North and South, since they have learned, though loth
 How basely false are they who favor both.

XXIII.

I ween the "hell broth" that the "witches" made,
 Was not a more heterogeneous mass
 Than here in merry England is displayed
 Of every sort, shape, size in every class.
 The *pros* and *cons* are constantly arrayed ;
 These wordy warriors let no chances pass.
 If one quiet ray gleams from her diadem,
 She must admit old Scotia lends the gem.

XXIV.

They've other Norths and Greenvilles than those found
 In arms against Freedom in the days of yore,
 Who now would desecrate that hallowed ground,
 Where her young sons her virgin standard bore,
 There's something frightful in a rebel sord,
 Three thousand miles is too near their own shore ;
 It smacks of freedom too, and is contagious.
 And freedom here in England were outrageous.

XXV.

Ye English "Abs" who are of Lincoln's school
 And thought his object was emancipation,
 What think ye now to hear his great State Tool
 Retract the pleasing negro proclamation,
 And basely beg for one more term to rule
 On any plan desired by the nation,
 And promise too if 'twill his chance increase,
 That Slavery shall exist when he makes peace.

XXVI.

That question hath, it seems, alone prevented
 Your princely "recognition;" now you find
 The Yankee State Thing, has himself repented,
 And whiningly proclaims a change of mind,
 Or change of base which he has just invented,
 For I've expected something of the kind.
 According to his Auburn speech you see
 He goes for slavery as well, as we.

XXVII.

But farewell England, I must frankly say
 That such a mighty, such a glorious Nation
 With its gigantic power should find a way
 To act with less of timid moderation.
 If you profer the South in this affray,
 Why not avow it with determination,
 For what's it worth, however much you prize us
 Unless your Government will recognize us.

CANTO V.

I.

But where are our Rebel heroes wandering now ?
 "Once more upon the waters ;" far away
 They cleave the billows, and their good ships prow,
 Decked with its watery wreathes, bounds through the spray
 A little sick of course ; but you must know,
 'Twas not at parting, but the devilish bay,
 Which rolled and tossed inhospitably skittish,
 Like everything on sea or land that's British.

II.

Again must they the exciting gauntlet run,
 And test once more what Fortune has in store.
 Full many a peril must they meet or shun
 Before they safely reach their native shore.
 Some would have had misgivings—they had none ;
 The time for having such with them was o'er,
 At first we are appalled at blood and danger,
 We dread them less as they grow less a stranger.

III.

All feel their presence, though some how or other,
 Except that hooked-nosed Roman of such fame,
 Who claimed that danger was a younger brother.
 Our rebel friends though only sought to claim
 A slight relationship, and ne'er would bother
 Themselves to trace exactly how it came ;
 A Yankee would, if any were akin,
 As none have done so, surely none have been.

IV.

The fading shores begin to disappear,
 And now the "visual line's the world's extreme,"
 At least to them and theirs ; no more they hear
 The buisy hammer, or industrious steam
 Of that "wide den of thieves" ; if that appear
 Too harsh the phrase is quoted it would seem.
 The world of waters just before them lay,
 O'er which we leave them now to find their way.

V.

Come, steady now my desultory Muse,
While our good vessel ends along so fast
We'll take a look at this great bunch of nows,
About the war, McClellan, and what passed
At the grand Peace Convention, and the views
Held by its leaders; by the Lord at last
The "Young Napoleon" gets the nomination,
Which is to win, and, winning, save the nation.

VI.

Ah, but this "Union or no peace" platform
Is not the thing to smoothe the wrinkled front
Of grim old Mars; methinks I hear a storm
Begin to brew in it; in vain I hunt
Some pleasing resolution whereto to form
A hope of peace; but, to be plain and blunt,
I think the thing's a humbug, meant to win,
Just to put the "ins" out and the "outs" in.

VII.

Nor have the friends of peace yet any right
For great rejoicing; or to expect
Their aims attained, although his party might
This "Bonaparte" triumphantly elect,
Your sons of Mars are readier far to fight
Than reason coolly, and too oft reject
The olive branch, through either pride or malice,
To yield devotion at the shrine of Pallas.

VIII.

Bellona leads that party who declare
For peace or union or no peace at all,
If war's their only object, they might spare
Themselves the trouble of the race this fall,
Since "Honest Abe" brings all he can to bear
In that behalf, and issues call on call,
Unless McClellan's Union party toils
Not quite so much for peace, as office spoils.

IX.

Of course he would proclaim a different plan
(He surely ought if he expects to win)
From that which Lincoln has, or had, or can,
To perpetrate that most enormous sin
Of subjugation, and 'twere wise to scan
His platform closely ere we once begin
To pin our faith to one, who, if elected
Might prove the counterpart of him rejected.

X.

He would revoke the negro proclamation,
 Restore the Constitution and the laws,
 Relieve the army of the degradation
 Of negro soldiers in a sacred cause,
 Revive the *habeas corpus* for the nation
 And merit justly all good men's applause,
 His Predecessor promised this before,
 Yet violated each and even more.

XI.

Restore the laws ! and then perhaps arrest
 The *Legislature of some Sovereign State*.
 Enslave again the slaves ! but not invest,
 Their masters with possession ; this were great
 Reform indeed, and yet it is the best
 We can expect from those who advocate
 This mongrel platform "Union or no peace"
 And would give either for the "golden fleece."

XII.

The three platforms are like Hells famous rivers,
 Each hath its channel and distinct formation,
 Each in its aspect from the others differ,
 And each flows to the hell of subjugation,
 And in that seething cauldron each delivers
 To death and ruin our once glorious nation,
 And all for what ? the union of two foes,
 Of Southern flaming fires, and Northern snows.

XIII.

This novel kind of rare philosophy
 Is advocated by three separate sects.
 The first asserts the proper plan to be
 Concentred power in one, and so rejects
 All law, or right, and even liberty,
 And thus through this Imperial One expects
 The strange anomaly of snow and fire
 Uniting freely of their own desire.

XIV.

We have Cousen, Descartes, Plato, Kant,
 All men of science and of wondrous lore,
 And Bacon, Aristotle, and some who rant
 On each and every theme ; but none before
 From gentle Adam to unlucky Grant,
 Have taught a doctrine like to this I'm sure.
 Pythagoras would surely have taught his classes
 The kind of brutes which they sprang from, were asses.

XV.

Their doctrine though has undergone a change,
 They would not have the Union as it was
 Such reconstruction doubtless would derange
 Their present programme; for we know it has
 Become their policy now to arrange
 A different Constitution for us, as
 The old one if administered aright
 Would have protected all, and stopped the fight.

XVI.

The second sect are somewhat undefined
 In their dim policy, but this we see,
 A difference they are striving hard to find
 Somehow 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,
 About the "nigger" they are just as blind,
 But "centralizing power" seems to be
 The Hobby Horse on which they make their banter
 And into office hope, next fall, to canter.

XVII.

In all things else they with the first agree,
 Excepting one, but that's by no means slight,
 Which is, so far as any one can see,
 Abe Lincoln did not treat John Fremont right,
 When John concluded he the slaves would free,
 Abe not being ready, ruled him out the fight,
 Which so enraged him, he resolved at once
 To run for President and beat the dunce.

XVIII.

The "Woolly Horse" may on the track find sport,
 But nothing else, with fleet nags in the field,
 I dare adventure he will come through short
 The first or second heat, or *sooner yield*.
 He tries all tracks to find out his strong fort,
 Which neither peace nor war hath yet revealed,
 He'd best abandon his vain hope for fame
 And work for go'd his Mariposa claim.

XIX.

These parties were the very best of friends
 A few years back, and nothing could them sever,
 And Abolition, one of their chief ends,
 Seemed likely to endear them both forever.
 When "rogues fall out," the conflict often lends
 To justice and the true man a great lever,
 Both parties seek the same, howe'er you view it,
 The only question then is who shall do it.

XX.

The other is perhaps the most extensive,
 And yet a motley host and strangely blended,
 Its plan for peace, although most comprehensive,
 By none or few at least is comprehended.
 Its neither pro nor con, yet quite intensive
 As if a change of rulers was intended,
 Which, being done to suit their gracious pleasure,
 "A fig for peace, we'll fight them at our leisure,"

XXI.

And if the sections will not fraternize
 In brotherly affection, with the sword
 They'll draw the blood to cement those frail ties
 The vanquished to the victor would accord.
 Herein the secret of their platform lies,
 You cry "*pecavi*" we accept the word,
 You yield your forces, rights, and selves to us,
 We will accept the terms and stop the fuss.

XXII.

And thus three howling, snarling, grumbling packs
 Are hunting down the grand old ship of state,
 Which from these pirate cut throats turns and tacks,
 And wrestles nobly with impending Fate.
 Their cry is "Union," why do not the Jacks
 Unite themselves, if Union is so great?
 The pots of Egypt or the loaves and fishes
 I humbly think would cover either's wishes.

XXIII.

They seek not to unite, their's is the dark
 And damning object, they so long have nursed
 In their hearts hot cell to wreck that noble bark
 Which now, but for Ambition's quenchless thirst
 Would proudly prove itself the sacred Ark
 For Freedom's cause, in which our sires at first,
 With confidence, reposed the precious trust
 Bequeathed along with their heroic dust.

XXIV.

Let Garrison, Phillips, Beecher, and the rest
 Who've raised a storm which their own "wizard hand"
 "Cannot control" or stay from East to West,
 No longer wield the Arch Enchanters wand.
 Their task is finished and their labours blessed,
 Now gloat in triumph o'er thy severed land
 The "League" is broken which ye so much hate,
 And would thy necks had shared the self same fate.

XXV.

I hear a singing bird which carols forth
That "recognition" first, and then alliance
Offensive and defensive, South and North
Against the world, in mutual defiance,
Is now the only plan for peace that's worth
A fig, or on which we can place reliance.
If this prophetic songster is delusive,
The bird is honest, so don't be abusive.

XXVI.

'Tis not those "mortal engines whose rude throats
Do counterfeit the clamors of great Jove,"
'Tis not the roar and din of battle which promotes
The glorious ends of Justice, Peace, and Love,
The "golden rule" were better, which devotes
Its quiet power those great ends to move,
The "still small voice" of an Almighty will,
The raging tempest calmed with "Peace, be still!"

XXVII.

Alas! my country, I must love thee still,
And mourn the Fate that severed us in twain;
And now while fair and freshening breezes fill
The flowing canvass, bending o'er the main,
My heart and harp shall seize with their poor skill
At once a gentler and a loftier strain,
And thus to thee pour forth a "lowly lay,"
The heart's sad tribute in thine evil day.

I.

When Rome was once the Mistress of the world,
And Freedom's star shone bright, and bright'ning there,
Man deemed not that proud Fabric could be hurl'd
From its strong base, as weaker structures are,
Greece, Carthage, and the immortal city where
Christ's prophetic tears proclaimed its fate,
Deemed once eternal, have been forced to share
The just allotment, which the weak and great
Reap for ungodliness and crime, or soon or late.

II.

And thou America! once hoped in vain
Thine Eaglets plumage so divinely fair
And stainless, that relenting Fate would fain
Preserve its purity with sacred care.
Alas! how fleeting thy fond visions were!
Ambition glanced his eagles in the sky,
And flaunted his foul banner in the air,
Then party Tyrants waved the sword on high,
And drunk with passion now in crime and bloodshed vie.

III.

Corruption like a thief at dead of night
 Stole in thy councils stealthily to rear
 Ambition's altar there, and then to light
 Its fatal torch again, though Freedom's bier
 Loomed mistily when e'er that light drew near.
 As does the murderers' image on the eye
 Of the poor victim of his hate or fear.
 On that burning altar all thy glories lie,
 The ancient founts that quenched its fires are dry.

IV.

The Tree of Liberty was planted deep
 By mighty hands in young Columbia's soil.
 Its boughs above their ashes seem to weep
 And, as it were, to feel they are the spoil
 Of hostile heirs, who, heedless of the toil
 Of their illustrious Sires and their deeds,
 In internecine strife themselves embroil
 And revel in the ruin while their country bleeds
 At every pore, which but their insane passion feeds.

V.

The crimsoned rose of Lancaster or York,
 Girondist, Jacobin, or Corsican,
 Or Roman Sylla with whose bloody work
 The yellow Tibers waves empurpled ran,
 In their dark days of blood and terror can
 To History's monumental page impart
 No gloomier picture for the eyes of man,
 No scene more dreadful to the human heart,
 Than that which thou art playing in thy tragic part.

VI.

Nor Marathon, nor Agincourt, nor the yet
 More dreadful Mount Saint Jean can surpass
 Thy fields, whereon heroic brothers met
 In suicidal strife; and which, alas!
 Stays not nor curbs the fratricidal mass
 In its dire work of death. A fresh fought field
 But stirs the venom of each class.
 Conquerors of to-day to-morrow yield,
 Nor hath four years' of blood the drama's end revealed.

VII.

Till now historic scholars stood aghast
 At Indus, Issus, and Conaxa's field;
 Or when Assyria's haughty Ninus massed

His countless legions, never known to yield,
 Against the chivalry of Bactria steeled
 For death's dread shock in martial panoply;
 But thou, in thy young vigor hath revealed
 The bloody counterpart of ancient times in thee.

VIII.

Once "glorious mirror," where fair Freedom's "form"
 With thy chaste stars and stripes herself bedecked,
 Which robed her as in steel 'gainst every storm
 From foreign shores, thou now but dost reflect
 In broken fragments what thy sons have wrecked
 Of that vast Fabric, which their sires had given
 Unto their charge to nurture and protect;
 Yet even now, though it is rent and riven,
 It is the greatest, mightiest under heaven.

XXVIII.

But canter gently down, my young Pegasus;
 You know Icarus' fate who soared too high,
 It was his first attempt, and yet he has us
 A sad example set, which you and I
 Will heed, and, as the Irish say, "be Jasus"
 I think it well becomes us little fry.
 Some Poets in rhyme can soar to Heaven or Hell,
 But where they soar when dead I cannot tell.

XXIX.

Saint Peter has a busy time-I ween
 In sifting souls before high Heavens gate,
 One famous Bard professes to have seen
 A King in trouble there about his fate,
 Although a Poet Laureate tried to screen
 The said King's sins and let him in in state.
 But if his rhymes up there, had no more force,
 Than here below, the King was lost of course.

XXX.

All hail Digression! what a glorious thing
 It is to write and say just what you please,
 If you feel Attic, then all Attic sing,
 Nor dose it out as Doctors by degrees,
 Yet, some poor panderers are content to bring
 Their vaunted Muse upon her humble knees,
 But I unto the Heavenly Nine do yeild
 The broadest acres of fair Freedom's field.

XXXI.

Though just at this place, one of the fair Nine,
 Upon a zephyr mounted, comes to say
 "Back to your story, or at least define
 The Rebels' whereabouts." Well, on this day
 They reached Toronto, where, if it be thine
 Imperial pleasure, both of them shall stay
 Until your Highness shall command again
 The "mighty instrument of little men."

XXXII.

But never fear, my young Emperor,
 You know I am the who control the high,
 It was the first attempt, and yet he has us
 A sad example set, which you and I
 Will heed, and as the Lord says, "be ye as ye see."
 I think it well because as little as
 Some poets in rhyme can write to Heaven or Hell,
 But when they hear a new deed I cannot tell.

XXXIII.

Saint Peter has a busy time -
 In sitting round the table of the Holy Spirit,
 One man as I heard profess to have seen
 A King in trouble there about his fate,
 Although a poet I cannot try to answer
 The said King's sins and let him in or out,
 But if his sins are more than he can bear,
 Then herebelow, the King was lost of care.

XXXIV.

All that I need to know is what a glorious thing
 It is to write and say what you please,
 If you feel a line then all the day
 Nor does it matter whether it is good or bad,
 I at some point must have a moment to be glad,
 I have written down upon my paper's page
 That I write the history of the world's decay
 The product of our freedom's day.

